

Roxbury, July 25, 1872.

Dear Wendell:

I enclose a letter from Fanny, received yesterday. Personally, she seems to have the best luck in respect to continued good health, though Harry gets no essential improvement in his own case. According to her descriptions of Baden-Baden and its surroundings, it must indeed be a most charming locality. In the midst of your office cares and labors, do you now ⁺then find time to send a line to Fanny or Harry?

It will be immaterial what time ~~as~~ you and Lucy and the dear boys come to us in August; but it occurs to me that as Lucy finds our location to be somewhat trying to her on account of our easterly winds, had you not all better first come here, and then go to Watch Hill to get braced up, than to reverse the places? As, possibly, you might lose here what

you expect to gain there. I merely throw out the suggestion. In case you come to Rockledge after your sojourn at Watch Hill, cannot Lucy arrange to stay with the children longer than you can? If so, we shall be glad.

William and Ellie are enjoying themselves at Jefferson. They have delightful rooms at the Wambek House, glorious sunsets, magnificent mountain views, good company, &c., &c. William says he makes a fair share of bowling with his left hand. Of Charley he writes - "He is already one of the characters of the house, sociable, independent, irreverent, saucy, inquisitive, good-natured. Agnes is still more or less irritable, and less popular. When baby Franky is taken down stairs, all the women in the house "go for him." He is pronounced the handsomest and most attractive baby in that region! Little Herman Oswald must look to his lambs."

Yesterday I received a letter from Alfred Webb, of Dublin, giving the sad intelligence of the death of his father on the morning of the 14th inst. He died in a state of unconsciousness, but the previous evening bade an intelligent adieu to his children. His last letter to Frank was dated June 14th, and covered six pages closely written. He deserves an honorable remembrance for his genius, wit, good fellowship, spotless character, great sympathetic nature, and philanthropic labors. I have written to Edmund Quinny, suggesting that he should write an appreciative notice of R. D. W.'s departure, either for The Nation or some other paper. Should be not feel ready to do so promptly, perhaps you will at least in a single paragraph announce the death of our beloved and most strongly attached friend, saying in brief what might be greatly extended. He was sixty-eight years old, I believe.

You say in your last, very frankly yet very absurdly, I think — "It is your fault and that of other New England men who have no sympathy with political corruption, that we are reduced to this despicable choice between Greeley and Grant." You immensely overrate my influence, and that of the others to whom you refer. As against the intelligently made up purpose of the Republican party, we should have been as successful in trying to turn it aside as Dame Partington was in trying with her broom to sweep back the Atlantic. Nor do I see or believe that the choice of Grant will be a "despicable" one. On the contrary, I deem it immensely important to the welfare and repose of the country, in view of the impending crisis. As for Greeley and his Tribune, there is no language to describe their folly and baseness. But be true to yourself.

Love to all the dear ones.

Your loving Father.